

soon as written It will then appear in the paper the week following. This is lesson number two, and we hope you will find time to learn it well also.

For the Little People Among Our Readers

There is told a very beautiful story of a gypsy girl who had been called into an artist's studio that he might paint her pretty face. Noticing there an unfinished painting of Christ on the cross, she asked, "Who is that?" The painter replied, "That is Jesus Christ, the Son of God." "Tell me more about him," said the little girl. He told her the whole story. Day after day her face was fixed upon this picture. When the last sitting was over and she was about to leave the room she whispered, "Master, how can you help loving him who died for you? If anybody loved me like that I would like to die for him." Then she went back to her wild life in the woods; but her words had touched the painter's heart. He fell on his knees and asked Christ to forgive his sins, and became a Christian. When the painting was done, crowds came to see it, among them a great count. He saw these words under the picture:

"I did all this for thee;

What hast thou done for me?"

"Is it so?" he said "Then all my life shall be given to him who has done all this for me," and he was led to live for the Lord as he had never done before. The gypsy girl, too, came to see the picture, and the painter found her weeping before it. "Oh master!" she cried, "he died for you, I know; but oh! I wish he had died for me, a poor gypsy girl." The painter told her again the story of the Savior's love as he could not do before. Sometime after this a message came to him to go to the gypsy girl, who was dying. When she heard his voice she opened her eyes, and with a smile slowly said, "I know now he died for me, and I am going to live with him."

The Lord Jesus, you will see from this story, died for the great and for the small, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, and he died for *you*, yes, whosoever will may come to Jesus and be saved. Have you been to Jesus to ask him to put away your sin? First this poor little girl was the means of leading the painter to become a Christian, and he in turn showed her the way of life. Can you do as much?

Miscellaneous Editorial Paragraphs

It is impossible to *be* genuinely good and not *do* good
No life was ever harmed passing thru Christ's furnace of persecution.

The man who attends divine worship on the Sabbath is not quite the same man on Monday morning as he was before.

There are times when the very best possible use we can make of our life is to risk it.

Better serve God out of fear than not serve him at all.

If Nicodemus came to Jesus by night for fear of the Jews he was richly rewarded even for coming as he did.

When God puts us into a certain place we may feel assured that he has some particular thing for us to do in that place.

After all that was a rather comprehensive prayer of the eccentric minister who, when asked to lead in prayer, said, "Lord show us our place, put us into it, and keep us there. Amen."

In sending a contribution to the National Temperance Society, Andrew Carnegie writes: "The best temperance lecture I have delivered lately was my offer of ten per cent premium on their wages to all my employes on my Scottish estates who will abstain from drinking liquors." That is another step in the solution of the liquor problem.

According to the most reliable statistics there are in this country 9,000,000 children who attend no Sabbath school or other place of religious instruction. If these statistics are correct, and we have no reason to doubt them, there would seem to be a large field for missionary enterprise even in these United States.

An Apache Indian at a Christian Endeavor meeting held in connection with one of the mission churches of the Reformed church in America gave this testimony: "We Indians look like man, shape like man, but we know not enough. We know not God. We like snow man children make, all the time standing still in one place, so cold, no go about, no work, go away little by little, then all gone." That broken testimony tells the tale of others besides Indians.

Once a colporteur left a Bible in a godless home. The man began to read, and one night exclaimed, "Wife, if this book is true we are wrong." He read further, and a few nights later said, "If this book is true we can be saved." That is the gospel story. It tells a man of his sin, the wrong way in which he is traveling, his utter helplessness in saving himself; but it does not leave him there. It holds up to him a Savior who came into the world to save the lost and bring them back again to the Father's home.

Last week two men tracked a fox into a ledge of rocks and, enlarging the opening, they came upon a small cave, in the back part of which they found an iron bound chest filled with silverware and dollars. It is supposed that the silver belonged to one of the Raynors who came from England about 1730. It was a precious and a valuable find, but far more precious than either gold or silver are the pearls of great price promised to all who will search for them in the word of God. Nor do we stumble upon them accidentally; it requires the most diligent and patient search, but those who are willing to make the sacrifice will find as their reward life eternal.

The story is told of a man who was found dead at the foot of a precipice with his hand clutching with death's firm clench a frail weed. As he began to fall from the height he had caught this weed as if to save himself by it, but it had only torn out from the root and could not save him. That is the story of all of earth's trusts, and those who grasp them will find that they are but straws. Take a firm grasp upon the word of God and you will have that which will save you in the hour of trial and peril. The man who builds his trust on the divine promises of the Word will find himself eternally safe for God will bring all the powers of the world and of his being to the fulfillment of every promise he ever made and the carrying out of his plans.